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RISEN SEED.
SALUTATION,

AND
To the BREATHING BABE
OF
ETERNAL BIRTH:

AS ALSO, TO
Brittains Bereans,

The Noble Islanders, who have waited for His
Law, (called *Quakers*) in *ENGLAND*.

Together with
A MOVING in the Spirit for the SEED to feel.

By *A. ROBESON.*

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TO THE
RISEN SEED

A
SALUTATION

AND

OF THE
LIVING
TO THE
DEAD

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THE LIVING

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To the Risen SABB, a Salutation.

O Seed of the Covenant, thy Glory hath surrounded me, and as passing in the vein of thy Mansions, my Soul is ravished; Oh my Soul is ravished! and with the Glory of thy Tabernacle I am overwhelmed: To the Beauty of thy dwelling Place there is no comparison.

O ye Vessels of the Lord, Purity retain, for Holiness becomes his House for ever; You, you Seed of Jacob hath he called, and known above all the Families of the Earth, to place his Name in you, and set you as a Garden in a pleasant Soile; he eats of your Fruit, and delights in what ye bring forth; O Answer, Answer his Goodness for ever; He hath settled your Shakings, and set you on a Rock; He hath ended your Wandrings, and given you Dwellings at Home; when there was none to pity, he gathered you up; He saved you in Trouble, when vain was the help of Man: *One of Egypt hath he called his Son*: He is dividing the Waves, and the Seed's passing thorow, when Darkness is covering the Earth, and gross darkness the People; behold it's clear about you, and your Light in your Lanthorn doth shine: His Thunder-elaps is amazing the Earth, yea, Terrour and Madnes is making men reel; The Cups of pure Wrath is the Wicked swallowing up, while great is your Peace, dear Children.

O Babes, your Union, your Order, your Peace and Joy, shewes ye are all taught of the Lord; And so, He is come as from a far Country, travelling in his great Strength, thorow a long and sable black Night of Apostacy, with the Day-spring from on high to visite you; And have you not felt Him arise with healing under his Wings? Speak, Speak to his Glory, and let the *Heathen* hear of his Fame, you blessed Ministers of Truth, to whom the utterance is given; Sound, Sound gloriously, that the dead may arise to Judgement; Let the

Wicked heart of his Dread, and his Love that hath cut down many, when he arose his Seed to redeem, and to bring back Zion with Judgement out of Shadows, you to lead forth into the Living Substance, making you loath the Pots in Egypt, and love the new Wine in the Kingdom: What ye have heard, declare; What ye have seen, utter, and hide not your blessed Talent, that Dread may beset the Nations, and Fear the Enemies of his People; let your Flourishing lives declare that your Spring is from a Fountain, that the parched Land may gape, and the Thirsty may yearn for Water; that the Coy may be wooed to Love, being jealous to see your Beauty, and the Peace through War, that ye enjoy, O Zions Camp in England.

A Work ye are raised up to do, mine eye sees it; the Seed of Faith alone can perceive it; With joy the First-born is come into the World, ye are all Witnesses: And shall He not stand the last upon the Earth? the Day of the Restitution of all things shall prove it: Feel me here, the Babe can embrace me, the Wise and Prudent is shut out. Many hath had a Day, but one shall have the last: The Dragon, the Beast, the false Prophet, Antichrist, that denies Him to be come in the Flesh, hath all had a Day, the suffering Witness hath felt it; And shall not the Prince of the Kings of the Earth have his Day also? yea, he shall have the last, even the Day of Judgment on all Flesh, on all that hath gone before him, the Theeves and Robbers; that shall be his Day, the Joy of the Upright shall arise in it; and that that Day is already sprung, you enlightened Ones are Witnesses; and that it shall come to a noon-tyde, and never decline again, many shall be Witnesses, yea, a numberless Number shall see it, and all counterfeit Lights, and false Fiers shall vanish in it.

Be joyful in Olory, and rejoyce in Hope, all you that wait for the Appearance of Zions King, for his Rising shall be refreshing as the Springs of the Morning; the earnest Expectation of the Creature hath waited for his Day, wherein shall shine forth the Manifestation of you, the Sons of God; then shall the groaning Creation be let into the Liberty, for the
Son

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Son shall make it free, (and you know, *that's free indeed*) the Son who fulfils the Fathers Will, which was, and is, that of all that the Father hath given him, He should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last Day: And hath he not given Him the *Heaven* for his Inheritance, and the utmost ends of the Earth for his Possession? you, who have seen and felt Him a Light unto the *Gentiles*, can witness it: And although there hath come before him Theeves and Robbers, who have thronged into the high Places of the Earth (yea into the holy Place where they ought not) for a season, yet his Day of Judgement shall be upon them, and they shall be cast out; Behold his day is come, and the Recovery is arising.

All dear Friends, keep your eye to the Cloud by day, and to the Pillar of Fire by night, and in the Patience abide for the time of glorious Wonders; eye Him, eye Him, who rules the raging of the Sea, when the Waves thereof arise, he stills them; verily the Day approacheth, wherein the things that are shall pass away, and that shall arise, that will refresh the Earth; for Peace shall be sown to the Righteous, and Joy, to the upright in Heart.

These things I testify in the Openings of the Spirit of Light, who am your dear Friend and Brother in the Patience and Tribulation of Jesus; with you is my Name new, and to the World known by,

A. Robeson.

There is none like unto the God of Jesurun, who rideth upon the Heaven in thy help, and in his Excellency, on the Skie.

The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath thee are his Everlasting Armes; and He shall thrust out the Enemy from before thee, and shall say, Destroy them.

Israel then shall dwell in safety alone; The Fountain of Jacob shall be upon a Land of Corn and Wine; also, His Heavens shall drop down Dew.

Happy art thou O Israel, who is like unto thee O People, saved by the Lord, the Shield of thy Help? and who is the Sword of thy Excellency?

Excellency; and thine Enemies shall be found Lyars before thee, and thou shalt tread down their High Places.

To the Breathing Babe of Eternal Birth, Saith my Life in the Love of God.

DEAR HEART,

A S thou fallest into the bosom of thy Father, thou wilt feel thy Rest, the Spring and Fountain of Life which riseth not in that part within thee, is according to this world: But O, how it flows from above, from the Father of Light, unto that which is born anew, and prepared for the Kingdom; Oh the Kingdom that is to come! The Lord God of my mercy and life preserve thee from every evil Word and Work, and fit thee yet more for that Heavenly Kingdom, for it cometh, for it cometh in ten thousand of his Saints. O my Lamb, feel more and more, the Innocence overshadow thee, and the Vesture that is beautiful, and the Armour of Light: O, the Day is come, walk while thou hast the Day, for, *The night cometh wherein no man can work*: The Springs of the morning hath been thy Visitation; yea, the day Spring from on high hath visited thee; and the righteous Son with the healing wing hath fluttered over thee, as a Hen for the Bird. Be gathered, O, be gathered in this Day of great Mercy, lest the Day of Lamentation come, and it thus be taken up, *How oft would I have gathered thee? &c.* Fulfil my joy in thy joyning to the Lord, and hear thou the Angel of the Covenant (who is come to gather) crying to the Seed, Arise and shine, for thy Light is come, and the Glory of the Lord is arisen upon thee, even upon the Seed through whom the Nations are, and are to be blest: O, the beautiful despised Seed, let this out-cast dwell with thee, and thou shalt entertain an Angel: O my Breathings for that Babe in thy Bosom, I know him to be of a noble descent, begotten of the Father, full of Grace and Truth; he leads in the hidden way of Peace from the World, yea,

yea, the wayfaring-man that follows him (though a Fool) he shall not err; His is the Voice of the Turtle, and Oh! it is heard in thy Land: Then rejoyce since the time of the Singing of Birds is come; and into the now recovered Eternal Paradise enter thou again, taking a seat among the Branches, to chaunt among the Birds on the pleasant *Mirile Trees*; for lo, to many the Winter is over and gone, and the Flowers of the Eternal Spring appears. O, the Songs of Zion are full of Harmony, in whose Remembrance my Life is as the Fume of burning Incense, ascending from the Altar of Holiness to God, and to the Lamb for ever: O, come to feel the Song from the Fountain of Joy, of Life, Light and Love, for evermore, Amen.

534
Nor can I hear hold, God's Love overflowing my Life, as a River swells over her Banks, whereby the pure Streams of Everlasting Love runs thorow me, towards the rising Seed of Immortal Life, in thy long oppressed, darkned, travelling Soul; Cherish it, Cherish it, O my lovely Babe, that in thee it may grow to the Everlasting Joy and Peace of thy Soul, and safety of thy Immortal Part for ever; This is a matter of weight, enter into the Feeling of it. O O, that I may see the Day wherein the glorious Power of the Living God may come up, and be over and a-top of all the Powers of Darkness in thee; that would be the Day of the Answer of the Desires of my Life, and the Petitions of my purest Breath, which hath ascended from me even of old, in the Dayes of my great Darkness, when I had no witness of the withdrawing of vails, nor entrance into the holy Place, but as one having been far off, and brought nearer by the Blood of Jesus; I feel the Issues of Life begetting in me the Sounding of Bowels to the breathing Seed, that into the Unity it may come into the Fold to Feed, where the Flock rests at noon, and hath a Shadow from the heat.

And this is the Message of my Life in the Love and Power of God unto thee, O Traveller toward Zion, if thy Face be thitherwards, and that be raised in thee, which cannot

not live but in God's Life, nor cannot rejoyce, but in the Light of his Countenance; nor feed, but on the Bread from Heaven; I say, from Him who lives for ever, Holy, Faithfull and True, the dayes of thy Refreshing shall come, for I feel the Yearning of his Bowels to enter into an Everlasting Covenant with thee, that shall never be forgotten: Wherefore let the Faint grow Strong, and the Weary walk Uprightly, for a time shall come, that Tears shall be wiped from their Eyes.

A. R.

To Britains, Bereans, the noble Islanders, who have waited for His Law, (called Quakers) in England.

Sons of Righteousness, you arise so oft before me, that my pure Remembrance doth continually stir: Whereto shall I compare you? Or by what similitude can I define your Beauty? How short's the Earthly to find you out, since in the Heavenly was your Plantation? and in, and from the Holy Land of Light and Life, I send you forth a most endeared Salutation; It's alone your Innocence that gives you Splendor, and your unspotted Life that makes you shine; The pure Law of Righteousness you have received, else your Stedfastness had been in vain. To what you have been faithful, is from the Lord, else your Faith had never been accounted; for if not for the single Truth, for what should serve your loss of All? And when to you the Testimony rises clear in the Lord, give freely up, and your Reward shall be Abundance.

Dear Lambs, our God great and terrible, the Intents of his Heart, is bringing to pass, to establish his mighty Work of Wonders; he is swift in his Goings, his Arm is stretched out, Scattering that which is to be Scattered, and gathering the Remnant of his Seed from the winds of the Earth.

You

(C.D.)
You know that of all Trees in the world, he hath chosen one only Vine; of all Flowers one Lilly; above all Fowls hath he loved one Dove; amongst all Cattle, chosen one Sheep; above all builded Cities, hath he hallowed *Zion* for himself; amongst all the Multitudes of People, hath he gotten One; unto this People whom he loves, hath he given a Law, approved in them, whereby a way of returning to that, which was erred from in the wandering Minds of fallen Mankind, is opened up; and this Law must be published to the ends of the Earth, for a yoke to bridle the Nations.

Wherefore O Friends, a weight lyes upon you, you are the Objects of the eyes of many; yea, a jealousie concerning you, is spreading over the Earth, and secret questions arising in the hearts of many, saying, VVhat doth this Appearance mean? Friends, you know, it is the earnest of good things to come; and I'll tell you in that which cannot fail, the Generations to come shall bless the day and spring, in, and by which you have been, and are visited.

Therefore staidness, staidness O Elock of *Israel*, in the pure Opening measure of Life, in your holy cleansed Vessels, is that which shall cloath you with Authority, and give you dominion, and make you to feel, and support you under the weight of the work ye are called unto.

O holy Children, in the pure Silence, in the weighty VVisdom, in the blessed Openings of the unchangeable Light, and endless Life, stay your Minds; keep, keep under that, that you may be a weighty People in the approaching Day, wherein your Enemies will seek to raze, your Foundation.

VVhich (O Babes of blessing) I feel to be the Rock of Ages, and the Foundation of many Generations, who on it stood firm, against all the thundering decrees for *Israel's* utter Destruction of *Haman*, *Ahasuerus*, *Nebuchadnezzar*, *Darius*, and all other combined Kings against the Lord, and his Anointed, in the dayes of old.

This your munition of Rocks (O Doves in the Cleft) shewes before your Enemies, but as a little Stone to be tumbled at their pleasure, by their Engines and Machinations of darkness.

337

But (O ye Inhabitants in the Mount on the top of all) you know it came out of the Mountain without hands, and cursed are all they who lift up a Tool upon it, for no Weapon formed against it shall prosper ; yea, this is the Altar built without a Tool, which no man can deface, and whereof no man must have the Glory.

So my Friends fear not, though the *Heathen* cry *Alas*, as though there were no God ; and though the Proud, and they that are at ease, cry lo, although he trusted in God, yet is he fallen : For the Lord God of Hosts will thunder down amongst them, that he may redeem *Jacob* his beloved, and *Israel* his chosen ; It goes on, the day draws near, even of Multitudes, Multitudes for the Valley of Decision ; Let nothing (not a fearful thought) enter, think not time long, in God stand still ; keep your Minds out of all things in the Light of the Lord, wherewith you are visited ; Woe will be your Portions if ye depart from it : and in this day nothing will be able to keep you to it, but the Power of it self ; Therefore watch to feel it, that you may stand, that the Glory of the present, and approaching Day of God, you may be made Partakers of ; for the Light that is stirring up, by the Power whereof you are raised to bear Testimony to it self, is the Law that shall bind all Nations, and plant them in their longed-for Rest.

A. B.

A Moving in the Spirit, for the Seed to Feel.

O *Zion* weeps, our Mother dear,
Jerusalem doth cry,
For Babels brought up to Marriage-bed,
who then fall down and die.
And for the Beauty of her Babel,
which shin'd in Unity,

Ho

Her smitten Life doth pant and groan
because of some decay.

538

Yet her Redeemer sounds aloud,
and sayes his Name he'l raise,
And make the Beauty of her Babes,
of all the Earth, the Praise.

I've heard his Voice which rends the Clouds;
he said, I'll rise in Zeal,
And I'll break thorow the dark shrouds,
which doth Our Glory vail.

O Zion my redeemed Land,
I've bought thee with my Blood:
Jerusalem my chosen Spouse,
my Life doth seek thy Good.

And tho' thy Enemy doth rage,
and seek thee to devour;
Yet I will stop his crafty Course,
and smite Him with my Power.

And thou shalt be redeemed from Grief,
and that which did divide,
Shall come all short in Policy,
As't hath in Power and Pride.

All Violence and deep deceit,
for ever from thy Land
I'll Banish quite; In my pure Power
and Wisdom thou shalt stand:

For I have Sworn, and will performe,
my Life in pledge I give,
That from all Molestation,
thy Life I shall relieve.

All Tears, and Sorrows, Cryes, and Paine,
shall pass from thee away;
And thy pure Consolation,
shall rise like Springs of day.

acquaint with grief and Teare,
Shall come no more into thy mind,
Love shall cast out thy Fears.

And in that State, I will create
Jerusalem a Joy,
And wipe the unclean, from henceforth shall
her blessedness annoy.

For I have seal'd a blest Decree,
for her eternal Good;
And my pure living Bread shall be
her everlasting Food.

Robinson

THE END.